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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair and slightly warmer; southerly winds.

Russia's advice to Italy to make peace is not as effective as Menelek's, but more agreeable.

If Governor Morton's scales are properly adjusted for the Raines bill, public interest will outweigh Platt politics.

It is unnecessary, imprudent and not decisive for McKinley to win the nomination before the convention meets.

The Morton boom, having been shorn of its Buffalo robes, will doubtless experience some chilly sledding before June.

Having neither a Mark Hanna nor a barrel, all of the candidates, except two, object to the use of money to buy delegates.

Whenever Mr. Platt takes the centre of the stage to exploit himself as a public benefactor, the audience very naturally takes occasion to smile.

The Hon. Bill Chandler's crusade against the improper use of money in politics will be sure to attract as much attention as the new Salvation Army.

The McKinley managers are not depending on the political flying machine for delegates. They are placing their dependence in the fat-frying utensils.

McKinley's attempt to get both feet on the Ohio platform gives him a very unsteady appearance. He whirls to the West, then to the East; winks at the South, and casts sheep's eyes at the Northwest, till it is impossible to tell whether he is soliciting delegates or acknowledging requests for future favors.

The purpose of the Anglo-Egyptian expedition against the Dervishes of the Soudan is not well defined. It is usually the policy of European powers to allege many other purposes than the real one, for that is usually land acquisition. In this instance, however, Great Britain may wish a pretext for prolonging her occupation of Egypt. She is determined to retain control of the Suez Canal, and to do that she must have control of Egypt. To do this it is scarcely credible that she would offer a gratuitous affront to France, hence there must be some agreement between the Foreign Offices of the two countries, not yet known to the public, for addition and division and silence till they shall have been effected.

EVERYDAY PATRIOTISM.

The patriotism which makes men ready to fight for their country, and to talk of fighting when there is no fighting to be done, is one of the loftiest impulses of our nature. And the lion is a noble animal. But the timorous cow or the undignified mule is, for daily use, a more serviceable quadruped than the king of beasts; and the unpretentious sort of public spirit which impels a householder to keep his stretch of sidewalk clean is an excellent sentiment for daily use.

There is a law which obliges a man to have the snow cleared from in front of his house; but municipal ordinances, like other expressions of the will of the people, leave a good deal of play for the good sense and good will of the individual. The broad pavements of Fifth avenue, yesterday morning, furnished a striking illustration of the various ways in which different citizens accept the obligations, in consideration of which the pleasures and privileges of life in a great metropolis are extended to them. All of the householders on that stately thoroughfare are abundantly able to pay for the closest possible care of their sidewalks. But while in front of many handsome houses there could be found no traces of snow or ice, other residences as stately looked down upon an unbroken glare of ice and upon discomfited pedestrians forced to seek a more secure footing in the heavy snow of the roadway.

The carelessness which permits a man to ignore the fact that his sidewalk is only half cleaned is only one of many forms of shirking. In large cities the desire to evade the fulfilment of the tacit promises which the individual has made to the community at large is a recognized evil. The people of a small village make their indignation felt immediately if any one of them plays the sneak and fails to do his fair share of joint work. In New York, however, when Smith sees that Jones is behind hand, Smith's individual share of the general body of public indignation is so infinitesimal that he is more likely to fall back in the line with Jones than to prod him up to a sense of his duty. In the abstract, it is an amazing fact that a gentleman who would not do a mean thing to any one man will be unutterably mean in his attitude toward a vague million of his fellows; but this is one of the strange anomalies of our moral build, and one of which it is well that a word should now and then be spoken.

Occasionally Tom Reed gives the country a mild reminder of the turbulent Fifty-first Congress by ousting a Democratic member, but he is carefully refraining from the use of his quorum-counting rule and other excitement producers.

THE JOURNAL'S NEWS SERVICE.

Once in a while we find it an agreeable task to call the attention of our readers to our extraordinary facilities for obtaining news from remote as well as from nearby points long before it is even heard of by our contemporaries. Here is a case in point:

Washington dispatches, published in yesterday afternoon's papers, convey the following important news:

There is no denying the fact that there has been some move of importance in the Venezuelan matter, but it must be borne in mind that the question is not one of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain, but between Great Britain and Venezuela. The negotiations which are being carried on by Secretary Olney, through the State Department, are simply in behalf of Venezuela, which has no diplomatic relations with Great Britain.

This dispatch was undoubtedly read with the deepest interest by those who are not shrewd enough to get their news from the Journal. It did not awaken a tidal wave of emotion and excitement in the breasts of the thousands of well-informed citizens who expended one cent each on the morning of March 12 for the purchase of a copy of New York's favorite paper. On that morning the Journal published the following dispatch from its Washington correspondent:

A settlement of the Venezuela question has been reached. It will be announced at an early date. Of this satisfactory conclusion of the controversy the President has had knowledge for two days past. Great Britain has acted with a magnanimity that will commend her to her severest critics. She concedes so much that there will be little left to arbitrate, should arbitration be necessary.

It is not improbable that the entire matter may now be settled outside the Venezuelan Commission, by the President and Lord Salisbury. The President was in very high spirits to-day over this favorable turn in the controversy between the two nations, and said: "The American people will soon entertain a much higher estimate of the fairness of English statesmen than they have held heretofore."

And on the next day there appeared in the Journal the following cablegram from its London correspondent:

In every newspaper in London the intelligence that leads all else is the news in the Journal that a settlement of the Venezuela difficulty has been reached. The Journal's story came up to-night in the House of Commons, when Sir E. Ashmead Bartlett tried to elicit a statement on the subject from the Government.

Mr. G. Curzon, however, said that the Government had received no information to this effect, but I am in position to affirm positively that steps are well on the way toward a satisfactory arrangement.

And in the same issue, that of March 13, may be found the following from our Berlin correspondent: "The leading Berlin papers, and also the Cologne and Frankfurter Gazettes print specials reporting the Journal's exclusive information with regard to the settlement of the Venezuelan dispute."

We do not allude to this matter for the purpose of blowing our own horn, because we do not care to wound the feelings of certain of our contemporaries who do not possess our advantages in the way of news gathering. We simply wish to congratulate our readers on that shrewdness and discernment on their part which led them to purchase the Journal every morning, and thus obtain the news of the day almost a week ahead of their less fortunate neighbors.

The Raines bill will do more than take the liquor question out of politics. It will be sure to retire a number of its thick-witted supporters to private life.

EVIDENCE NOT NEEDED.

Senator Hale's course on the Cuban question shows evidences of a pettifogger's plea for delay. He interrupted Senator Morgan's speech with trivial and facetious questions, and attempted to throw suspicion on the Committee of Foreign Relations for not producing the letter of Minister Dupuy De Lome to Secretary Olney. The explanation is simple, and Senator Hale was certainly cognizant of it. The document is not intended for publication, and after serving its legitimate purpose with the committee it was returned to Secretary Olney. The course of Senator Hale is undignified now, as it was unreasonable when he demanded more evidence as to the state of war in Cuba. Now he is interposing trivialities for delay; then he was demanding facts on which to make out a case against Spain.

There is no case against Spain. Spain is not on trial, and the United States Senate is not of counsel for the prosecution. Senator Hale misconceives the position of the United States and ignores the condition of Cuba. The position of the United States is that our people are favorable to freedom everywhere, at all times, and for all peoples. Our people are not only not ashamed of this, but they glory in it, and proclaim it so that all the world may know and be encouraged to seek the same freedom that we enjoy.

That has nothing to do with our relations to Spain. If Spain's conduct brings her misrule of Cuba into notice, and we express the condemnation that humanity, civilization and our principles require, it is Spain's fault, not ours. As the people of the United States are not trying Spain in an imaginary court of justice, as Senator Hale pretends, there is no need for the specific and thoroughly attested evidence that he demands. We know that the Cuban people are struggling for freedom; we know that the Spanish rule is cruel and tyrannous. That is enough. We should sympathize with any people who are struggling to be free simply on their own declaration; we cannot be prevented from doing what we can to aid a people whom we know to be under the yoke of the worst tyranny that ever oppressed Europe or America.

Even the women are fighting that Cuba may be free, and yet Senator Hoar needs more evidence.

Mr. Quay has stirred up a very lively hornet's nest in Western Pennsylvania. It is quite as exciting as Mr. Platt's Northern New York affair.

If Winter continues to linger much longer in the lap of Spring, Summer is liable to arrive at any moment and interrupt the tete-a-tete, which has already lasted too long for the comfort of the other members of the family.

Very significant is the notice given that a question will be asked in the British Parliament this week as to the advisability of Great Britain's withdrawing from the declaration of Paris which abolished privateering. The British cannot look with equanimity upon the prospect of a war between any European power and a country which, like the United States, did not accede to the declaration.

If John G. Carlisle means to be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, he would better run on his own merits and not rely too confidently on the support of the Administration. In recent years Administration candidates have not fared well. Sherman had the finest chance possible under the patronage of President Hayes, but he met the most ignominious defeat by a stampede of the convention for Garfield. In Democratic conventions the task of controlling the nomination by securing delegates is greater than in Republican conventions, because of the three-fourths rule requiring more than a simple majority. The control of the organization does not secure the nomination, as is the case with the Republican convention.

Perhaps the most astonished of the inhabitants of New York who awoke to find themselves snowed in on Monday were the sparrows. Their surprise was evident to the most casual observer. They evidently did not know what had struck them. They are precocious, these sparrows, and generally a little ahead of date. They had heard that March meant Spring. They had already selected cozy places in which to rear their callow broods, and had begun to look around for suitable building material. On sunshiny days the gentlemen sparrows looked languishingly at the hens, and flitted their wings in that highly idiotic manner which in sparrow language means love. The blizzard put a stop to that nonsense. It chilled all the gallantry out of them. It made them hungry, and hunger was never yet akin to love. The Spring weddings among the sparrows have been postponed.

In his effort to bolster up with brave words the infamous Raines bill, Mr. Platt is by no means at his best. On the rare occasions in which he issues his views to the public—they might, indeed, be called orders—he is usually worth reading, if not convincing. His pronunciamento on the Raines bill is neither. It is published, of course, as a delicate means of conveying to the Governor Mr. Platt's order to sign. His contention that the wiping out of 10,000 saloons at once—ruining 10,000 people—will cause an immediate reduction of poverty and crime is not logical. The ruined people will certainly be made poor, and will possibly be incited to crime. If Mr. Platt is to be the arbiter of the morals of the community, why not close up 10,000 jewelry stores at once, so that the women would not be tempted to waste their husbands' money in gewgaws. Such a law would be no more sumptuary than the Raines bill, and no one knows it better than Mr. Platt.

It will be remembered that during the celebrated trial of Bardell against Pickwick, Mr. Sam Weller, undergoing examination as to his knowledge of the relations existing between the plaintiff and defendant, totally overthrew the equanimity of Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, when that learned gentleman asked sarcastically, "Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?" Sam's reply was: "Yes, I have a pair of eyes, and that's just it. If they was a pair of patent, double-million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight of stairs and a deal door, but, bein' only eyes, you see, my wisdom's limited." And yet had Mr. Weller lived in the present day, and had Mrs. Bardell taken the precaution to locate a fluorescent box, with the X-ray attachment, inside of her parlor, he might have looked, with his natural eyes, through the flight of stairs and the deal door and observed the pleasing outlines of the fainting widow in the horrified arms—so to speak—of the astonished Mr. Pickwick, with ease and pleasure.

Thumbnail Sketch No. 17. Joseph C. S. Blackburn.

Washington, March 17.—As one gazes from the gallery these days into that cockpit of championship politics, the Senate chamber, one notes a lack of Blackburn. Where once he roamed in abundance he is very much abridged—very much vanished, indeed. Where is he? Out at Frankfort, Ky., fighting for his Senate life. There are worse men in the Senate than Blackburn. And there are better.

Physically he is a good figure. He stands six feet tall, as straight as a poplar, is wide on the shoulders and tapers to his heels like a wedge. He goes about on his feet as light as a dancing master and gives one an impression of physical alertness, of supple joint and ample thew. From his collar button down he will overmatch any other Senator save Allen, of Nebraska.

Blackburn's face shows high living rather than high resolve. His mustache is his most positive facial quantity. His countenance is a long oval, unenhanced by any beard. His forehead is high; higher than it used to be before his hair waxed thin.

Neither face nor forehead has peculiar emphasis; no angles nor corners of jaw, or mouth, or nose, or jutting brow. It is a face rather of feeling than of power, and if the mobility promises aught, it is that Blackburn would rather drift a day than pull an oar an hour.

Blackburn belongs neither to the shock-haired, like Sherman, Allison and Brice nor to the utterly bald, like Davis, Harris and Shoup. Still his scalp has been much grimly weeded by time, and shows bare and sad through the thin-sown growth which still occupies the cranial field like some forlorn hope in hair, which dies, but never surrenders.

Blackburn's taste in dress is fantastic, bizarre, and it collides with his environment. When his fellow Senators wear dark shoes his are a buoyant tan. When their cravats are a sober black his is a flaunting arterial crimson, tied loosely, to be short of the breeze. He is often without a waistcoat, and frequently the sole hope of his trousers is a belt. He affects negligee shirts and is much given to light, steel gray coats.

Blackburn as a Senate figure has more of notoriety than fame. He has been ten years in the House and twelve in the Senate. He has never left any deep impress on the body of our laws, and his change in the late revenue bill extending the bond time of whiskey, whereby much relief was brought to many a hard-pressed expositor of sour mash, is probably his great achievement.

As a Senator he has no high aim to guide him like a star. He is a favorite with the lobby, several members of which are with him at Frankfort, ready to aid in his success or soften his defeat.

Blackburn is fifty-eight years old and was born at Versailles, his State. There are three sorts in Kentucky. There are the mountain whites—poor trash, these—from whom, by the way, came Lincoln and Senator Palmer. Coming down from the hills among farmer negro owners, one finds the "pennyroyal" district and the "blue grass" country. Blackburn is "blue grass," which is the upper crust of dark and bloody ground nobility.

Compared with other publicists from his region Blackburn is not so worthy as Lindsay, his new colleague in the Senate, while he is much better than Carlisle or that other celebrated Kentuckian, the white-haired, ill-fortuned Breckinridge, of Pollard fame, who publicly came to nothing and privately came to grief. There is no sincerity, no depth, no vast force for good or bad to Blackburn. He is a full and florid orator, but tawdry and pinchbeck and of a tin-pan school of eloquence.

Blackburn was twenty-three when the war broke out. He was, therefore, of the Confederacy, but, it is believed, did the Yankee cause no tremendous harm. He professes the duello and is supposed to be ready to go blithely to the field of honor at the cracking of a twig.

However, he has never gone; no puddles of blood make sanguinary his past. When aroused he is capable of great lip valor and the bravery of words.

Blackburn has lived too late, perhaps. Still, had he been extant in the days of Elizabeth, or later, with King James, the son of Scottish Mary, there are several places he would not have gone.

Blackburn would not have been with Francis Drake as a pirate, with Walter Raleigh as an exploring adventurer, with Blake, fighting the Dutch, or with Blood, robbing the Tower of sceptre, crown and golden globe of royal power.

These would call for energy, risk and hard and arduous toil, and Blackburn would have had none of them.

But one can imagine him at that time living high at the court, exchanging wit and mot with Buckingham and Rochester, and throwing dice at the pigeon house, and when money failed—should so foul a fate be his—retiring to Alsatia with Duke Hildebrode for sanctuary, and there ruffling it with rusty sword, soiled buff, and with a very long, bedraggled ostrich feather in his Spanish hat, defying the bailiffs.

There has ever been a swashbuckler atmosphere with Blackburn. Aside from such painful ceremonies as bumping Senator Chandler's head some years ago in the committee room—no feat of peril, by the way—Blackburn does much to aid the existence of this.

The men who stand nearest to him, for one matter, are usually men of edge and trigger, prone to shoot and cut and stab with the point. The dispatches of to-day display as the chosen head of his Frankfort forces the noted Chinn, who is, by choice and pride, a hard-drinking, horse-racing, card-betting, knife-fighting bravo, and who has stood, the slashing, shooting centre of a score of gory brawls.

There is naught that is new in this feud between Blackburn and Carlisle. It began twelve years ago and was of Carlisle's hatching. As between Blackburn and Carlisle—that dreary desert of a man, where all is shifting sand and no plant of good stability was ever known to grow—let us have Blackburn.

As illustrative of how men of high, thrice-heated honor contend with each other, one detail of the present war between Carlisle and Blackburn might be related.

The latter's daughter, Lucille, married a few months ago a young man from New Jersey yclept Lane. This latter was a division chief in the Treasury. He took his bride to Europe for a trip. He returned the other day to find that Carlisle had dismissed him in his absence. This was a broad, brave thing to do, and a move much in keeping with present control.

Blackburn is poor, but has his humor, too. Here is a story they tell. Perhaps it's true; I can't say, for I was not at the depot:

Just as his daughter—so runs the romaunt—was about to depart for the honeymoon, Blackburn stood in the station kissing her good-by. He had shaken hands with his new son-in-law, and was now saying farewell to his child. As he kissed her, he seemed suddenly to recollect. "Daughter," he said, "I've no fortune wherewith to dower you, but at least the family jewels should be yours. I brought them to the depot, and at this, the moment of your departure, let me present them to you. It is all I have to give—the Blackburn family jewels."

With that the Senator gave the bride his six-shooter, and hastily kissing her for the final time, turned and left the bride and groom to begin their married life.

A. H. L.

Julia Marlowe-Taber as Miss Hardcastle.

The coy little hyphen by means of which Miss Julia Marlowe tacked a Taber to her name is not the only indication of sweet conjugal affection that the winsome actress has brought to the metropolis. With the large, emphatic, and ingrained devotion of a Mrs. Kendal, Miss Marlowe has whisked her much-praised Juliet from the stage of Palmer's Theatre, and in place of the Shakesperian tragi-comedy has produced Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," just to give her recently acquired actor-husband a chance to shine as Charles Marlow. Such sacrifices are rare. Stage husbands and wives fight for the centre of the stage just as ferociously as though no wedding ring united them. They delight to bark and bite in the bitter contest for stage supremacy. There was one exception in the person of the fat, but affectionate, Madge Kendal, who produced "The Queen's Shilling" for the benefit of her little Willie. And now another exception has cropped up, and it is Julia Marlowe who has dedicated "She Stoops to Conquer" to the man whom she promised to love, honor and obey.

When I saw this little lady's Juliet last week, I swore I could never allude to her in any other way than as Julia Marlowe. Now that I have seen her as Miss Hardcastle, I haven't the heart to speak of her but as Mrs. Taber. She has thrust her wifehood in our very teeth. She is loving, and honoring and obeying Robert Taber, or she never would have consented to show us one of the most inferior and second-class Miss Hardcastles it is possible to imagine, just for the matronly joy of permitting hubby to disport himself luminously as Charles Marlow.

Far be it from me to underestimate the beauty of wifely submission. Matrons, I wouldn't do it. I respect it. I admire it, but—but—well, isn't it possible for theatrical wives to do their loving and their honoring and their obeying in private, when the footlights have ceased to flicker in their eyes, and the green baize has dropped upon the canvas scenes? Mrs. Taber, and by-the-bye, seem determined to teach us some great moral lesson. They evidently want to show us that there are good wives on the stage; that there are women who love their husbands in the greenroom, and that wedded bliss is not quite inseparable from stage life. But we know that, bless your affable little hearts. We are quite aware of it. We don't go to the theatre for any such course of instruction. We don't care a hang which member of the cast placed the wedding ring on Mrs. Taber's finger. It is a detail, a detail of the merest sort.

Mrs. Taber is completely swamped by the role of Kate Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer." It was hard to believe that the actress I saw last night was the Juliet who dominated the stage of Palmer's Theatre last week, who threw us into ecstacies of appreciation by her sweet ingenuous interpretation of Capulet's daughter, and who made her Romeo an insignificant nincompoop of no consequence to anybody, and of small importance in the play.

In "She Stoops to Conquer" it is Robert Taber who marches off with all the stellar honors, as Charles Marlow. There can be no two opinions on this score. Mr. Taber was not only the star, but an exceedingly good one. Young Marlow in his hands was a delightfully sketched character, full of agreeably latent humor, fine intelligence and supreme discretion. His scenes with Miss Hardcastle were full of keen appreciation of the possibilities of the role, and at the end of the second act he had completely won his audience, while his poor little, self-sacrificing wifey was left out in the cold.

Mrs. Taber, in fact, was almost amateurish, and entirely awkward and ill at ease. She understands the art of expressing ingenuous girlhood better than any other American actress I can recall at this moment. The depths of womanhood, however, are apparently beyond us. There was nothing to her Miss Hardcastle but a simper and an arch jollity. She struck no note of sincerity. She was skating upon the surface all the time, and the rawest amateur could scarcely have conveyed a more meaningless conception of the role. She was charming to look at and pleasing to hear, but she was never nearer to this rollicking, jocund part than any of Mr. Wheatcroft's students could be after a few weeks of ardent coaching. Mrs. Taber's art is limited to the interpretation of girls rather than of women. It is quite an unusual limitation, and this actress may be unique on this sheer account. To the one actress who can show us the guileless, reluctant girl, there are fifty who cannot do it. Miss Marlowe is an ideal Parthenia and an ideal Juliet. She is a miserable Miss Hardcastle, and—when I saw her some years ago—she was an equally unsatisfactory Rosalind. She is temperamentally naive, and it is a nice, unconventional characteristic. If Miss Taber will take my advice she will shelve her notions of women with scarlet blood in their veins and pin her faith exclusively to the pale, pink corpuscles of girls.

You will understand why, under the circumstances, I have inveighed against the marital sentiment that in the first place induced this actress to add a Taber to her programmed name, and, in the second place, to give that Taber the stellar opportunity that belongs to herself. It may be noble, from a moral point of view, but it is disappointing nevertheless. Charity begins at home as far as a young and non-established actress is concerned.

William F. Owen was an excellently unctuous Mr. Hardcastle, and Mrs. Sol Smith was an amusing, though at times indistinct, Mrs. Hardcastle. The Tony Lumpkin of Edmund Lawrence was an unfunny affair, suggestive of cheap farce-comedy at its worst. "She Stoops to Conquer" without a convincing Tony Lumpkin is something of an impossibility, and the production at Palmer's Theatre suffers accordingly. The George Hastings of Henry Doughty was rather feeble, and the Miss Neville of Eugenia Woodward was very far from fascinating.

Perhaps one of these days we shall see the Tabers in a play in which they can both shine. The Kendals divided their honors pretty equally, you know. Mrs. Kendal was not very frequently addicted to self-immolation on Willie's shrine. I fancy that Mrs. Robert Taber will grow out of the habit before very long. It is so perfectly unnecessary. ALAN DALE.

Depew's Simile.

[Council Bluffs Nonpareil.]

Mr. Depew says the newspaper reporter is a cathode ray. If Depew could just hang around any live newspaper office for a while he would be inclined to add that the public is a sensitized plate, sometimes too sensitive.

Does Not Sign with His Foot.

[Chicago Times-Herald.]

Mr. Platt's power in politics has not been weakened by his fall in New York in which he seriously injured his right foot. Mr. Platt does not sign checks with his foot.

Reciprocity.

[Washington Post.]

General Weyler will doubtless receive a large dose of reciprocity when he falls into the hands of the insurgents.

Women Who Want to Be Oxford Dons.

London, March 6.—After an agitation for the granting of degrees to women by Oxford and Cambridge universities, the long-awaited congregation at Oxford has met (March 3), and the intellectual sisterhood that aspires to full equality with the betrousered dons suffered defeat. Women are not to be B. A.'s, though no objection was offered to their continuing to wear the proud title of ma or even mamma, so long as they use the small instead of the capital M and A. The question was put to vote in the form of a resolution as follows: "That it is desirable (subject to certain conditions) to admit to the degree of B. A. women who have kept residence at Oxford for twelve terms, in a place of residence approved by the university, and who have passed—under the same regulations as apply to undergraduates—all the examinations required for the degree of B. A." Mr. Gross, of Queen's College, championing the women, said that if it was feared women would next desire the M. A. degree, the answer was that the line could be drawn wherever it was desired. As for the scheme that women should have a university of their own, the answer was that they did not want it and would not have it. As to the freedom of choice and time which women now enjoy, no doubt it is an anomaly as compared with the strict course obligatory on the men, but the plan is in existence, and some small advantage should not be begrudged to the women. It is true, he said, that what was proposed was a change, but no such great change after all. A few picked women would be brought to the university, that was all.

To this replied Mr. Strachan Davidson, of Balliol, that the essential of an Oxford B. A. was not examinations, but the career, the life. You could not introduce a woman to the life of which this is symbolical. The mere matriculation was of small account, he said. The course for the women to adopt was to have a university of their own, but no, their fetish is to have nothing but a university recognition of their equality with men. To gain that end they would not hesitate to sacrifice both the university and their own best interests. Magdalen College's president said the value of the degree was overestimated, as the women would discover once they got it, yet he reminded the congregation that this demand of the women is part of a great and universal movement which will advance, no matter what decision this body reached.

I quote in full the next speech, taking the report of the Times, which treats the report to small type, as indicative of the editor's opinion that the matter is of secondary importance:

"Mr. Henderson had been convinced by reading the literature of the subject that the arguments against the resolution were such as might be understood by any simple person, such as members of congregation, while those in its favor were subtle, and could only be grasped by a violent intellectual exertion. The increase of women students at Oxford would be either slight or great. If slight, why make such revolutionary changes? If great, then the objections were indeed formidable. It was declared to be vital to the education of women. And yet it was asserted that would concern only a few. It would in fact, lower the education of women. At present Angelina was better educated than Edwin. What did Edwin know? He had spent years in learning nothing. She had learned a little French, a little history, and the use of the globes, and this she was to give up for a smattering of Greek. We could stop now, but not later. Given the B. A., how could the rest be refused? And then, again, there was the question of the sexes, which became an ever-increasing difficulty with the increase of the field."

Professor Dicey spoke strongly on the woman's side, saying that it was idle to urge that granting the B. A. degree would work injury to the women, since the leading authorities among the women themselves held a contrary view. It was a contradiction to argue that the degree was no advantage and yet insist that it would attract all women. As to the argument that it would injure Oxford as a university for men, it was too late at this time to raise that point. Now that co-education is established, a few more women would not affect the problem. Co-education had stood the test at Cambridge. The outlook ranged far beyond the immediate question. The question was, Is Oxford prepared or not to do its share in the education of half the nation? The question must now be faced. He would not be surprised to find Parliament interfering where it would be better for the university to act for itself. Let them hesitate before opposing a movement which they might delay, yet certainly could not end. The resolution was then voted on, and was beaten by a vote of 215 to 140. JULIAN RALPH.

Letters from the People.

Street Nomenclature and Sarcasm.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—I read with astonishment in your paper a few days ago the suggestion that New York should change the names of her streets and avenues to those of names more euphonious and unique.

Why? For what reason should a purely American custom give way to a European one? No method will ever be easier for a stranger to comprehend and find his or her way about than that now in vogue, so why should we wish to mix our visitors up and at the same time eliminate from New York that thoroughfare which is known the world over—Fifth avenue?

The reason given in the article I read was that every city in the Union has its Fourteenth street, etc. Suppose that is the case, it goes further to prove that the inhabitants of the country in general recognize a good feature, and stick to it.

Unless you are thoroughly well versed in the geography of the city, such names as Fleet street, High Holborn, Pall Mall and Regent street convey no idea of location whatever.

If we must change the names of our streets, let us give them names that may serve as a warning to the rising generation, by christening them with names that will always call to mind the many follies and evils of to-day. For instance, we might have a Bond Syndicate street, a Divorce-While-You-Wait street, a Free Silver street, a Tillman street, a Belligerency street, a Wild Duck avenue, a Raines avenue and a Blue Law alley as a starter, with a standing threat to future fools and evildoers that the balance of the names will be changed as circumstances demand.

Yours truly, FRANK WISE.

New York, March 16.

"Coggie" on Raines Bill.

[Syracuse Courier.]

Senator Coggeshall declares that the Raines Excise bill ought to be called "an act to make revenue, promote politics, distribute offices and knock out the Republican party." It is a pity that Mr. Platt can't see this as clearly as the Oneida Senator does.

Something About Sir Stafford Northcote.

Lord Salisbury has been unusually happy in his selection of a delegate for the presentation of the British views upon the Venezuelan question at Washington. For Sir Stafford Northcote bears a name that is widely and honorably known on this side of the Atlantic, and he has not only spent a number of years in this country, but is also bound to the United States by many ties of relationship. Thus, his wife is an American girl, the adopted daughter of the enormously wealthy Canadian peer, Lord Mount-Stephen, while his younger brother, Oliver, is in business in Wall street and married to a daughter of General Grant's Secretary of State, the late Hamilton Fish.

Sir Stafford is about fifty years of age and possesses quite an extensive diplomatic experience. He accompanied the Marquis of Ripon to Washington in 1871 as secretary to the Alabama Claims Commission, and remained in that city for nearly four years in connection with the Alabama business, assisting Mr. Henry Howard, the claims agent of the British Government. In 1876 he formed part of Lord Salisbury's special embassy to Constantinople and took part in the conference of the great powers in that city just before the war between Russia and Turkey broke out. He severed his connection with the British Foreign Office in 1880, and after acting for a time as the private secretary of his father, was appointed first of all Financial and Parliamentary Secretary to the War Department, and afterward Surveyor-General of the Ordnance, which post he held until his nomination as one of the Government Commissioners of Charities, with a salary of $7,000 a year. He was compelled, however, to resign this office on his election to Parliament for his native city of Exeter, the position of a civil servant in the pay of the crown being considered as incompatible with that of a member of Parliament. He received the Order of the Bath on retiring from the Foreign Office fifteen years ago, and was created a baronet a few months after his lamented father's death, at the express wish of the Queen, who declared that she wished the honored name of Sir Stafford Northcote to be perpetuated.

The present Baronet's father had, a short time previous to his terribly sudden death, been raised from the rank of baronet to an earldom, under the style of Lord Iddesleigh, which peerage, of course, descended to his eldest son, the present Earl. It was, however, as Sir Stafford Northcote that the late Earl achieved so much fame and popularity in political life, and that was why the Queen was so particularly anxious that the name of Northcote should be perpetuated. Old Sir Stafford was the most gentle, honest, courtly, warm-hearted man that it is possible to conceive, a sort of nineteenth century Sir Roger de Coverly, who is generally believed to have died of pain, disappointment and mortification at the disloyal and outrageous treatment to which he was subjected by his lifelong colleague and friend, Lord Salisbury. The Northcotes, it may be added, are among the most ancient families in the West of England and trace back their ancestry in an unbroken line to the reign of King Henry I. The baronetcy borne by the head of the house, in addition to his earldom, dates from the reign of King Charles I., whereas, as stated above, the second baronetcy, held by Lord Iddesleigh's younger brother, the Sir Stafford Northcote now at Washington, is of altogether new creation.

LITERARY SHOP-TALK.

"The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," by A. Conan Doyle, published by Appletons, shows that Dr. Conan Doyle's Napoleon stories were written with so clear and sequent a plan that they may safely be bound together, which is more than any one can say of a great many series of short stories which read very well until they are compared.

The Brigadier's delight in his own personal strength and beauty, the Brigadier's susceptibility to the charm of a petticoat, and the extraordinary ingenuity of the plots prepared for his undoing are as machine-made as the wink of the soubrette on the stage or the smile of Brother Bones. But they cannot be more cut and dried than were the familiar tricks of the Sherlock Holmes stories, and those found an unbounded popularity.

As for the Napoleon flavor, one expects to find that everywhere. Our decade reeks of it, as a Mexican kitchen reeks of garlic, and, after all, if Mr. Sloane is to write for the Century Magazine, if Mr. John L. Stoddard is to deliver lectures, if Mr. Caton Woodville is to paint pictures, they are certainly not hurting Napoleon's feelings when they turn themselves loose on his track. For, after all, he is dead. All men die sooner or later, except Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, and he has brought joy to the hearts of his fellow-citizens in other ways. At one period of his career was he not a paymaster on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, gladdening the hearts of American brakemen? And has he not recently been abroad?

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"Studies in the Thought World," by Henry Wood, is described by the author in his preface as "a volume of studies which are disconnected and essentially unitary." He means by this:

(a) That you can read one of them.

(b) That you are not obliged to read two of them.

(b) is one of the most precious privileges conferred upon us by the Constitution of the United States. The privilege conferred in (a) is not worth mentioning by comparison.

Lee & Shepard publish so many excellent books that there is no reason they should not have fun with a work of this sort once in a while.

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Some people write novels with the same unpleasant directness of purpose which impels the hired man to eat pie with his knife. "The Wrong Man," by Dorothea Gerard (Appleton's Red Paper Series) is not in that class; it is not vulgar; it is merely simple, suggesting the plain rustic who eats pie with his fingers.

"In the Day of Adversity" is the clumsy title of a capital tale of adventure published in the same series, and written by Mr. Bloundell-Burton. It is interesting from the first page to the last. It is a clear forthright narrative; the author evidently took trouble with it, and the reader will find pleasure in it.

Don't Like American Literature.

[St. Paul Pioneer-Press.]

Bill Nye's jokes were not appreciated in England. But then, neither is the Monroe doctrine.